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VOL. 5. NO. 114

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

MARCH 1,

1862.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Æsop tells of a man who drained
His cup of avarice to the dregs;
Staked what he had for what he wished,
And lost his golden eggs.

Thus rashly acts the ambitious South,
In discontent without excuse;
Take warning all and mind that ye
ARE SOUND UPON THE GOOSE.

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We hope that before the end of 1862 we may be restored to communion with many friends and "fellow-countrymen" (as Judge Pettigru, in Charleston, has just called us) in the South—men who have been forced to submit to the conspiring minority. We long to testify to this venerable and distinguished patriot, and to all who hold like faith, how dearly we prize the bonds which connect us with them, and how lovingly we shall receive them to our hearts when "this tyranny shall be overpast."

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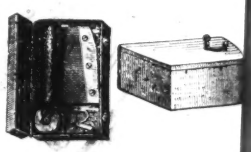

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ON ICE.

It is a fine thing to live in a country where the pathway of life is just sufficiently sugared over by the hand of Winter, now and then, to sweeten existence without turning it into an absolute Jam, as ice often does in places where they have Avalanches, such as Memphis, Tennessee. By this time, it may be assumed, we have got pretty well through our ice—and into the mud below it, too, else there is no faith in the travellers of Broadway. A retrospective glance at the season may be interesting.

In the first place, we notice that the Red Ball, which played such a conspicuous part during the height of the season, has imparted a good deal of its bloom to the cheeks of the many fair ones who may be called the Ice Cream of the Central Park Pond. How did these young ladies fasten on their skates, though? We all know that the *jeunesse charmante* of New York has not been provided by Nature with ankles. It would be shocking to suppose that girls had such fixings about them; although some sensible persons think they might skate better if they had, and were not afraid to show them. We have observed that the best lady skaters we ever knew had ankles, and called "limbs" "legs."

It is due to the volatile inhabitants of Brooklyn to say that they initiated and carried out the idea of a Carnival of Isis. The pun has been made before, but not in connection with Brooklyn, we think, and therefore let it pass. Members of the various tabernacles of that strange city came out one night in Greek vests, pictorial drawers, spangled tights, circus hose, russet boots and other theatrical costumes, and cut round a pond upon skates in a fashion described as "awful" by a Sister of the Plymouth persuasion who saw the orgie from a window. The feature of the night was a figure in green scale-armor with alligator tail, representing the Old Gentleman you've all heard of. This personage threaded his way on skates through the crowd with great dexterity, followed at a tremendous pace by the Rev. BEECHER on rockers two feet long. But the D, was too many for the B, notwithstanding the constant training of the latter in pursuit of him. A staid old Director of the Academy of Music came out very strong as APOLLO distributing Tracts, and another as LEAR, running St. CECILIA before him in a hand-sleigh. The Plymouth Sister at the window said of this person that his LEAR was dreadful. He had been making eyes at her, perhaps. So excited was Brooklyn by this great carnivaletudinarian proceeding, that some leading elders there actually proposed to take up the pews from their church, flood the floor a foot deep, let it freeze, and have service on skates during the winter.

And they would have done it, no doubt, had not THOR, or THAW, come along with his hammer, and broken up the ice and their amusements: for the Brooklynites have been letting Religion Slide ever since they got a Theatre among them.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

ROANOKE ISLAND, Feb. 17th.

DEAR VANITY:—I promised you a battle, last week....I have given you one.

I took this island, last Saturday.

The engagement was terrific....

We fought seventy-two hours, without food or sleep.

The enemy state our loss to be 3,000,000; but this is probably exaggerated.

10,000 Rebels are reported killed, wounded, missing and scared.

The others fled.

A battery of bayonets was taken by a charge of artillery-dragoons....

This, however, was some time ago.

I am not permitted to tell all I know.

This is considered my greatest victory. I have already received letters of congratulation from the highest military authorities, among whom I may mention Judge MCCUNN, Gen. BEAUREGARD, BILLY MULLIGAN, Gen. H. GREELEY, and Private SEARS, of the 12th Regt. More are expected.

Gen. HENNINGSEN was ordered to the island to protect the batteries with his division of 160,000 men, but he made a mistake, and went to Bowling Green instead. Probably, this is a reason why he was not in the battle.

Gen. WISE was very sick, on the other side of the Sound. His illness resembled summer-complaint, and came on when the cannonading began.

There were, however, 3,500 Rebel troops on the island. Of these, the latest accounts say, 1,270 were killed; 9,849 were wounded, and 2,576 were taken prisoners.

My thanks are due to Commander GOLDSBOROUGH and General BURNSIDE, who rendered me considerable assistance, and made themselves really very useful.

My troops behaved with the greatest bravery. They charged the cannon with avidity. The enemy's loss is said to be 7,000.

The heaviest charges were made by the Sutlers.

The island was set on fire by the Rebels, when their principal battery was taken. This battery was defended by the Dead Hog Swamp Grenadiers, a Georgia company, who fought pretty well, for Rebels. They stood to their guns until all of them left. They then fired the island, hoping to burn it to the water's edge, and retreated over a sand-bar, to some other place. They lost over 100 men, and the whole loss, as now reported, is 4,800, in killed, wounded, and missing.

Our loss has been heavy. A cannon, loaded with ball, was fired several times at us, intentionally or otherwise. The Rebel fleet, under Commander LYNCH...son of old Judge LYNCH, inventor of the law of that name....behaved remarkably well. It consisted of a number of old boats, which sailed around for a short time and then sunk....

They had shot-holes into them. That was why they sunk.

Commander LYNCH went away.

The Rebels say they would have fought much longer if they had not been whipped.

My present plan is to bring the island up to Sandy Hook, and place it in the Lower Bay for a Quarantine station. The Rebels have no further use for it.

Later reports say that the enemy are concentrating in Arkansas. They are much disheartened. Their loss in killed alone at Roanoke Island, on Saturday, is ascertained to be over 6,500.

You may expect more news, some time....

I am preparing for another blow....

This is reliable.

There is a rumor that I was defeated at Roanoke, but I place no credence in it.

As usual, the finest feats of daring and courage were the work of

MC ARONE.

The Luxury of "Modern Athens."

Among other queer things in the Boston papers, we find an announcement of a mild orgie of some kind called an "Antiquarian Supper." We have little or no idea upon our mind as to what an Antiquarian Supper may look like, but suppose that the wine produced at one must be very cobwebby, the cheese very mity, and that, if anything should happen to be left of the banquet, it would come under the head of Fossil Remains.

A Toast for the Secretary of the Navy.

May you ever put your best FOOTE forward!

A TESTIMONIAL TO THE "HERALD."

Actuated by a sentiment of gratitude for past favors, as well as by a pretty sharp look out, perhaps, for more of the same sort in prospect, the charming Waiter Girls of the Broadway Concert Saloons have been giving expression to their esteem for that excellent patron of theirs, the New York *Herald*. At a meeting held, about a fortnight since, by those attractive demi-goddesses, at Vestal Hall, in Diana Street, a committee was appointed for the purpose of drawing up resolutions of thanks to the Senior Editor of the *Herald*, for the course dictated by him to that truly Christian journal with regard to the subterrene Cecilian and Terpsichorean establishments of this City. Two of the young ladies, who are noted for their proficiency in draughting off lager bier, were appointed to draught off the resolutions, which they did in true tapster style "with a head on." In addition to the thanks, which were ordered to be engrossed upon a tambourine, the committee decided upon presenting the venerable Senior Man of the *Herald* with a medal, commemorative of the exertions made by him in favor of Terpsichore and Tod. This medal, with an engraving of which we have the pleasure of presenting our readers, is appropriately made of brass, cast from the trimmings of the brass-mounted pistol with which GIL. SNICKERFOOT shot REDASH COLE in the Temple of Everlasting Felicity on lower Broadway. The design speaks for itself. It is extremely chaste, as might have been expected from the character of the fair quarter from which it came, and is the combined production of the young man who plays the piano in the above-named place of amusement and the young woman who dances the Highland Fling. The venerable recipient of the medal was so touched by the expressions of the fair donoresses, that he immediately suspended it from his neck, with a garter presented to him by the young lady in spangles who dances the Scotchische, after which they all supped together, and had a very merry evening of it until late on the following afternoon.

PRESENTATION OF A MEDAL BY THE PRETTY WAITER GIRLS TO THE OLD MAN OF THE HERALD.

What are the Park keepers about?

Conspicuous notices are posted up in the refreshment huts at the Central Park skating pond, to the effect that lost children are taken proper care of and sheltered by the Park keepers. Now, but a few days since, the most prominent figure among the skaters there was an *Enfant Perdu* in full feather, and yet we did not remark that he was either taken care of or sheltered in any way by the keepers. The only excuse that at present occurs to us for such reprehensible carelessness on the part of these men is that they are, perhaps, unacquainted with the French language, and do not know that *Enfant Perdu* is the equivalent in that tongue for Lost Child.

Cruelty to Animals.

The Count JOANNES, as Count *per se*, has recovered in a Boston Court, one cent damages on the Second Count—which is not another nobleman—but one Count in the Plaintiff's Declaration. The crime of the Defendant was in comparing the Count JOANNES to a jackass! Singular to relate, no mention was made in Court of the lacerated feelings of the original jackass, who has not yet, poor donkey! been able to find a brother ass in the shape of an attorney to bring any action for the injury to *his* feelings inflicted by the comparison.

Transmontane Dramaticals.

The Boston Temple of Thespis has a large and well selected stock of names. When they had Opera they called it The Theatre. When they had a Circus in it they called it The Academy of Music. Now they have the Legitimate Drama, and instead of saying "Stock Company" they call their players "A Congress of Histrions"—though we hardly think they will equal the real Congressional Comedians in Washington. As there will inevitably be stated preaching in the building, sooner or later, we confidently anticipate that it will then be styled either the Christian Conservatory or the Serious Saloon.

Phœbus in a Fix.

In many exchange papers we find the following singular statement:

"A salute of one hundred guns was fired at sundown."

It is not stated whether any of the shots took effect; but we are fully prepared to hear from the celebrated MERRIAM, of Brooklyn Heights, that many new spots have appeared on the face of the sun.

Hiving the Swarm.

A smart young Cockney, who is liberal with the letter H, says that he thinks the Government must have had hard scratching of it that time they got HIVES from the Senior Editor of the *Herald*.

Off! Off!

It is said that WIKOFF, now that he has got out of his *Herald* scrape and limbo, intends changing his name to WALKOFF and departing for other climes.

Putting the Stone.

One of the best casts ever made at this athletic game has just been accomplished by the Secretary of War. He put the STONE from the banks of the Potomac into Fort Lafayette.

Great Rebel Conundrum.

Why did General FLOYD fail to win glory at the fall of Donelson?

Because of his Retiring Disposition.

A Congressional Con.

Q. Why is the word "Ten" like JESSE BRIGHT?

A. Because it is X spelled.

A Fossil Specimen.

Q. Why is Congress like Charcoal?

A. Because it has ben Wood.

HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.

MONG things devised by a wise Legislature for the comforts of our soldiery, homœopathic attendance has not been forgotten. The question of providing it was before the House, at least, though we are not certain whether any decision was arrived at on the subject. It is proposed, we understand, to appoint a Homœopathic Chirurgeon-General to the Forces, with power to add to his number should that dose be considered too small. General T. THUMB, professionally insignificant now since BARNUM has bought up a mitier dwarf than him, has been publicly spoken of for the place. We think that he would give satisfaction in it. Proportion is a grand element of the fitness of things; and "as much as would blind the eye of a needle" would carry more comfort to the faithful if administered by one THUMB, than if it were forced upon one by all the fingers of some coarse manfarrier or horse-godmother of a hospital nurse.

In surgical science, Homœopathy has not yet found its proper status, but there are fine, large heads at work upon it; and, ere this war has become a thing for crabbed historians to growl and grabble over, the gun-shot wound, the slash, and the stab, may be looked upon with the calm contempt displayed by the patentee of a "Prepared Liquid Glue" as he gazes upon the fractured mug, (earthen vessel, not face,) of the afflicted housewife. Next door to the writer of this article there dwells a wild-eyed, wild-haired young practitioner of the homœopathic school, who has not slept for about two years, owing to his time being entirely occupied with investigating the applicability of his system to flesh wounds, fractures, and such bruises as Irish hod-men occasionally suffer when they fall from the topmost rounds of ladders fifty feet high and are taken up nothing but jelly and brick-dust. Such cases as these last have been successfully treated by the bold experimentalist referred to, who cures them with calf's-foot jelly made of common South Amboy brick. He maintains a menagerie of animals in his back-yard, for the purpose of testing treatment of gun-shot and other wounds. One of these, a venerable and matronly old goat, has been shot dead ninety-seven times with conical balls, and always brought to successfully by immediately pouring a charge of snipe-shot into her with a pistol. When the sun shines through this interesting old creature the effect is very curious, resembling that of one of those tin stable lanterns perforated with holes. The same practitioner has blown a horse to bits with a bomb-shell, and subsequently effected a synthesis of the *disjecta membra* by means of an oyster-shell. Yesterday he sawed off one of his own legs. To-day we saw him walking cheerfully about on his usual allowance of *tibia* and *fibula*, and, in answer to our inquiries, he informed us that he had made all right by swallowing a hair from a spider's shin.

Soldiers will be very comfortable when Homœopathic practice has been fully established as an army institution.

BOSTON MISCELLANEOUSLY JUBILANT.

The Associated Press agent at Boston on Monday last sent the following "happy dispatch:"

The news of the capture of Fort Donelson creates a perfect furor of patriotic jubilation in Boston to day. There has not before been so much joy manifested in a miscellaneous way within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

We imagine that Governor ANDREW and a committee of First Men went into the expression of joy "in a miscellaneous way," in a truly patriotic spirit. We imagine that towards noon they waited upon old Faneuil Hall and asked it if it would step round the corner and "take something?" Then they probably visited the old Great Elm Tree on the Common and asked it to come out and "take something." Then tney doubtless went for the WEBSTER Statue and invited it to have a nip. Then they got merrily miscellaneous, or miscellaneously merry, if you like that better, and offered to treat Bunker Hill Monument till Spring. Boston was happy that day.

The Lex Talionis.

When BRECKENRIDGE was first accused of treason he asked a suspension of Public Opinion. Now Public Opinion asks a Suspension of him.

A BOSOM FRIEND.

V. F. cordially invites the attention of gentlemen in the army to a new style of Spring vest, intended for Military Balls.

Invested in this incomparable waistcoat, which effectually protects the wearer from the effects of hostile punches, the amateur soldier may fire and fall back all day long without danger of being shot in the neck or disabled in the breastworks. Externally the garment has the appearance of an ordinary vest, but is lined with ribs of steel, and such being the case of course the *preux chevalier* is as invulnerable as one of CROMWELL'S Ironsides. In shape, this mail corslet considerably resembles the corset worn by females, except that the latter is not so long—shorter in fact by an *l*.

This bosom friend of the soldier may be worn with advantage by uncivil persons in civil life, inasmuch as it turns away wrath with much greater certainty than soft words, and will not only render a man invulnerable to the assaults of his enemies, but prevent his friends from cutting him.

Panoplied in this inestimable life preserver the within individual may exclaim in the words of SHAKESPEARE (improved *à la* Collier.)

"Let fall thy blade on vulnerable vests,
I bear a charmed life."

We heartily commend the new mail corset to the patronage of all military men who desire to "pluck the flower, safety" without meddling with the "nettle danger."

THE UNION TRAIN.

AIR:—"*Old Dan Tucker.*"

The Union Train at last is here,—
Now jump aboard, brave Volunteer!
We're going South as fast as we can—
Come on, and prove that you're a man!
Clear the track, rebel legion!
Clear the track! for to your region,
The Union Train a host is bringing,
Don't you hear the bell a ringing?

Way down in Tennessee they say,
The rebel ruffians have their way;
But soon their savage work we'll stop:
We'll make their heads swim like a top!
Clear the track, &c.,

We've got a double track all laid;
McCLELLAN planned the route and grade:
The rebels now confess their fears—
They thought we'd got no engineers!
Clear the track, &c.

They've put torpedoes on the track,
Of other plans they have no lack;
But, though they make some heroes fall,
We'll save the Union, spite of all!
Clear the track, rebel legion!
Clear the track! for to your region,
The Union Train a host is bringing,
Don't you hear the bell a-ringing?

News for the Nervous.

The Albany correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, in allusion to a speech made by Mr. PRYNE in the State Legislature, during the firing of a salute in honor of the late victories, says:

"The roar of the cannon punctuated and emphasized the speech of the gentleman in a very effective manner."

In the punctuation of war, the cannon has long played an important part, so far as putting a Period to many a poor fellow's existence goes. It may, in fact, be looked upon as the greatest of Stoppers by field and flood; but the idea of punctuating a respectable gentleman's oration with ordnance is a trifle too loud for us. If that sort of thing found its way into private life, we should soon have our conversation cut up with pistol punctuation—one shot representing a period, two a colon, and so on. A bowie-knife jobbed perpendicularly into the interlocutor's foot would aptly represent the note of exclamation, though it might probably be followed up by a Dash with another. Conical balls might pass for commas, and a barrel of powder with a Coal On would be suggestive of an awful pause.

A Royal Arch Query.

Is it in compensation for the defeat of Spain at the National Bridge, that the European Powers contemplate placing an Archduke over Mexico?

XUM

JOHN BULL'S IDEA OF NEUTRALITY LA[W].

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' LAW FOR THE RATTLESNAKE CRUISER, "NASHVILLE."

A NEW FEATURE IN OUR SHEET

Since HACKLEY has suffered the streets of the metropolis to become like so many Erie Canals, so many young Hudson rivers, so many high seas, we have determined to establish in VANITY FAIR a local Marine Report—at least we offer such a thing this week. The report is highly interesting, as any one can see.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived at the Park Fountain. Two old ladies, after a tedious cruise of three weeks from Greenwich street; policeman 1830; one Fourth Avenue stage; a German barber, with accent badly broken, from Canal Street.

Cleared from Park Vicinity. Several Third Avenue cars bound for Harlem; fifteen hundred and ten visitors to Commodore NUTT. Several omnibus hulks, nearly water-logged. Butchers' carts, drays, carriages, hand carts and huckster waggons.

Disasters. An old gentleman in India-rubbers was cast away on the corner of Fulton and Broadway, on the 12th instant, lost his spars and rigging, and had his quarter deck knocked to pieces. A young couple of the *Herald's* "Personal" stamp were found stranded on the beach near Barclay street, with the sea making over them badly. Supposed to be the "Cold Hominy" from WALLACK'S on the 10th, and the "Mink Victorine" of Fourteenth street. Both vessels a total loss. No insurance. Consigned to Perdition and Co., Hellgate.

An old lady from Brooklyn, loaded with WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE, tracts and the "Traviata." Thought to be a Director, bound to dinner. Her lee scuppers were washed away. A small boy appeared to be clinging to her rigging, and a signal of distress was flying.

The ferry boat "Union," plying between this city and Brooklyn, was washed ashore opposite the Academy of Music—damage slight. A fashionably dressed young lady loaded with hoops was blown across the bows of a Broadway stage, near Madison Square. A collision occurred, which resulted seriously for the cattle belonging to the stage and injured the rigging of the damsel, who was out on a shopping cruise.

A young man, just fitted up with new clothes from the SNOOKS Brothers establishment, was out on his trial trip, and fouled a garbage box. Total loss.

Spoken—Ship *Jenny Strong*, spoke sloop *Dear George* laboring under a heavy press of new hat, near Amity street, bound from office to PHELAN'S. Ship *California Widow* spoke bark *Fast Man*, bound to Sing Sing. Asthmatic war steamer *Old Hunks* chased the rebel privateer *Pretty Shot*, but lost sight of her near Tenth street.

ALMANAC.

Moon Rises...Late Sun rises...before anybody else. Moon sets...up all night. Sun sets...as usual.

High brandy and water...at lower DELMONICO'S, 10:40 A. M.

High brandy and water...at Houston street Light Ship, 11:36 A. M.

Low water in Broadway...very seldom.

Note.—The Chamber of Commerce will meet next week to petition government to establish light houses, buoys, life boats and wreckers at all dangerous points on the Broadway, Chatham street and Bowery coasts.

At Last.

The long, slow days, the weary months went past,
Two hostile armies standing face to face,
The stronger smarting from a deep disgrace,
Chafing to strike,—the blow has come at last!
Yea, blow on blow, like thunderbolts they fall,
Stunning the rebels on the land and sea:
Here, terror overtakes them, and they flee,
There where, more bold they stand, we capture all,
Save the Arch Traitor, FLOYD, who flies by night,
Coward as well as Thief! No more delay,
Our armies press upon their conquering way,
While Victories beckoning, crowd upon their sight,
Each trampling on a bloody hydra head,
Lopped from Rebellion, hideous monster—dead!

War as a Pastime.

The evacuation of Bowling Green by the rebels may be taken as foreboding the dawn of new times upon them and better sense. They would hardly have given up their Bowling Green had not the Past Time been found too hot and heavy for them.

THE SLIP UP OF JEFF. DAVIS.

"OH!!"

CONFESSIONS OF AN OMNIBUS HORSE.

II.

Where was I born? Well, you see this is a free country, and I consider that an American horse like an American man has a right to be born wherever he likes in his own country. Circumstances frequently influence both men and horses on the matter of nativity, and it is not necessary on every occasion to mention them. I chose for several important reasons to be born in Connecticut—near the line. I might have been born in New York, but the geographers urged me to hail from a point a little to the eastward. The geographers being people whom it is a pleasure to encourage, I willingly acceded to their simple request.

I soon became acquainted with my mother, who was in the service of a moderately poor farmer.

This farmer used her as a miscellaneous beast, but she did not seem to succeed very well.

She was considerably troubled with her harness, which was old and clumsy. Her shoes were likewise sadly out of repair, and her feet were constantly lamed on this account. She complained a good deal, but that didn't improve matters particularly. The farmer noticed that he didn't get quite as much work out of her as he would have done, had she been propelled by steam, and I heard him one day talking of getting a couple of locomotive wheels and fastening them on either side of the dear old creature. These were to be turned by a marine engine of a whole stud of horse-power. That he thought might get a moderate walk out of her. Her great drawback was with regard to drawing breath. She always said that if she were only able to draw that regularly, she thought she might draw a load of apples very easily. I never told her what I had heard the farmer say about the wheels and engine, because I knew that such a suggestion would only mortify her and make her turn pale.

I amused myself chiefly during the first year of my life kicking the farmer's little boys in their stomachs, treading on the geese, and making eyes at the elderly rooster who occupied a suite of apartments near our manger. This rooster was an amiable bird in his way, but somehow or other fell into bad company, and I guess took to drinking, for it is only a few days since I heard of him through the columns of the *Herald* as having taken active part in a disgraceful cock-main at Troy. He got a divorce from his hen two years after I first knew him, and immediately consorted with a Fifth Avenue Chicken. I expect next to hear of his death—in which case the funeral ceremonies will probably come off at some cheap boarding house.

To resume the thread of my own experience. When I had attained my first anniversary, I didn't think much about it, but the farmer's wife said that I ought to have a "coming out party."

Accordingly I got it. I came out, and never went back again. A gentleman of uninviting exterior was smitten with my appearance and offered the farmer quite a quantity of legal tender for me. I was sold. Next day I was taken in hand by my new owner, but when he attempted to put a hatter on me, I grew frightened and naturally enough cut up some. It was only after a week's incessant practice that the stranger got me tamed. By that time I felt careless, and let him tie me behind a buggy. In this manner I was taken to New York, where I have lived ever since. What became of my mother is immaterial. My grandmother, to whom allusion has been made once before, I became acquainted with soon after my arrival in the metropolis, and a short time before she fell into the hands of the meat vender.

The first hotel at which I put up was kept by some persons named KIPP and BROWN, or, as everybody in the neighborhood—Chelsea—called them, KIPPENBROWN.

Messrs KIPP and BROWN owned a line of stages running from Abingdon Square to Bowling Green, and I was not long in discovering that I was expected to give a lift in this directon three times a day and back.

There was great rivalry between KIPP and BROWNS drivers and those on the Knickerbocker line, then just started, and the result of it was that the teams on both were pretty well thrashed.

I was placed beside a huge grey mare, with protruding bones, and a disposition to lie down at the end of every third block. She always fell on her knees in front of St. Luke's Church, a fact that led my innocent mind at first to suppose that it was piety which troubled her, and that she bewailed the profanity of JIM CHARLES who occupied the box. She was either a saint or a shirk; but I finally looked upon her as being more of the latter than the former. She had a disagreeable fashion of making grimaces at little crossing sweepers, and so frightful were they that frequently eight or ten children were seized with fits and other attractive maladies, and disabled from duty for weeks together. My companion's name was SNORTER—SAL SNORTER. I begged her to desist from her singular ways and act like a sensible brute. But my entreaties only served to aggravate matters; SAL would twitch her ears back—run out her tail, lower her head a foot or two and set off at a perfectly furious speed, whisking me off my legs and getting my hind quarters chafed by the whiffle-trees and evener. At night SNORTER would suddenly spring up from her straw and try to back up through the brick wall of our stable—much to the amusement of myself and eighty four other quadrupeds. She often averred that she possessed but three legs, although it was clear that she was provided with the Standard number. (N. B.—This is the first joke ever got off by a 'Bus Steed.) She also would have it that her tail was in her eyes, and that somebody had borrowed her grinders. These things caused several of us horses to conclude that SAL SNORTER was crazy.

JONATHAN ON THE LATE WAR NEWS.

That's the talk, for *these* times!
That's the way to deö it!
We don't go '*raound* a thing, no more—
We take an' jest walk *threough* it!

Once it might 'ave answered,
Daöwn to Baltimore,—
But w'en you come to Roanoke
It's teöo much of a chore.

Gen'l GRANT, *he* thought so
W'en he come to find
Fort Donelson right in his way—
Teöo big to leave behind.

There!—it's jes' so always!
W'en I'm hot an' fiery
You'd think I'd froze my lungs and lights
Unless you made *inquiry*.

Fact on't is, I'm tired
Yellin' day an' night;
I hain't hed more'n a wink o' sleep
Sence news come 'baöut the fight.

Lucky FLOYD's escapin'
With his news abaöut it:
Of course he'll fix his story up,
But then of course they'll daöubt it

He feels mean, I tell ye!—
'Less he feels unnateral!
Guess he'd like to be once-t more
All on the quadrilateral!

His *own folks* despise him!
That comes rather tough!
They thought *before* he "stole away"
The cuss 'ad stole enough.

Guess, though, fifteen thousan'
Prisoners 'll *deo!*
With what we took on Roanoke
W'en Gov'nor WISE he flew!

He's another sample!—
Bully for his son!
That staid an' fit t'll he couldn't stan',
For all his father run!

That's the way the blowers
Gener'lly perform:
They're peart enough w'en the wind don't blow,
But turn tail in a storm.

"'Taint the way *we* work it!"
Say our own treüe bleües!
Wonder what JOHN BULL an' NAP
'll deö w'en they hear the news!

Latest about the "Sumter."

The last bulletin about this modern Flying Dutchman runs as follows:

"A Madrid telegram of the 2d, says that the privateer *Sumter* still continued at Gibraltar."

In other words, the *Sumter* keeps her Gib closehauled, on account of squalls upon the horizon.

THE NEMESIS OF FELONIOUS FLOYD.

Dell' Onda.

"Why did you leave your ship?" asked X. of the Ancient Mariner; "didn't you have a good time on her?"

"Yes," replied the tarry person, "but I expect a better Off-Her!"

An Echo of the Coulisses.

Q.—Why is a congregation leaving Church like the "American Cousin" at LAURA KEENE'S?

A.—Because it is played out.

The Derivation of it.

Armies may well be said to be Pitted against each other, when they dig holes in the ground for their marksmen to shoot from.

Curious Phenomenon.

In the firmament of rebellion nothing is to be seen but Southern crosses. N. B. The soldiers are looking in vain for Bootes.

Natural Enough.

When the Rebels see our FOOTE they want to leg it.

"Regular "Snappers."

Uncle Sam's Mississippi "Turtles."

Louis Napoleon's latest Maxim.

MAXIMILIAN for Mexico.

LEGISLATE FIRST AND TALK AFTERWARDS.

A Washington correspondent informed us, a few days ago, that the Treasury Bill was virtually passed, but that as half a dozen members had speeches, which they wished to deliver, no vote would take place for seven or eight days. Now this is good. The pantaloon correspondence of LEWIS CASS with the Master of Ceremonies of St. James', and the pending horse jockey difficulty of DAYTON and THOUVENEL are mere fly blows in comparison. We confess that we never read of the jokes of Sir BOYLE ROCHE in the British House of Commons without patriotic envy of that august body. *Laus deo*, the humorous nose of Sir BOYLE is put out of joint.

Our readers may have heard of a trial once for murder, in which an application was made to the Judge, for an adjournment, to enable Counsel to put in an additional defence. "Oh certainly" said the Judge, "I'll grant it, and hear you with pleasure," at the same time, however, handing to the sheriff an order for the execution of the prisoner on the following morning. Now, this was not bad, but then there was the life of but one man involved, while in our House of Representatives, with rebellion raging through the land, millions of men in the field, millions of dollars daily expended, and the very existence of our government in imminent deadly risk, a most important act of legislation already "virtually passed," is put off from week to week, to enable members to deliver speeches, which for weeks have been in their breeches' pockets and which were originally composed by clever attorneys clerks in New York. Now, we repeat, this is good.

But joking apart, would it not be well to adopt the plan of the Judge: proceed at once, without unnecessary delay, with the legislation of the country, and then let the talking members spout away 'till "Tib's eve," if they think proper. Mr. SUMNER can then scatter Attic salt on the tails of his admirers, and so catch their applause, Mr. HALL continue to crack jokes, and quote scripture, and Mr. CRISFIELD to carry out his patriotic offer of going as far to aid his country as the man that goes *farther*.

When Floyd will understand his true position.

When he gets the Hang of it.

A Right Lawyerly Quip.

"VANITY FAIR," cried the YOUNGER enthusiastically, brandishing the last number of that humorous and witful weekly, "must assuredly remind you of an ably contested case in court!"

"Must it, egad?" growled the ELDER, lifting his grey moustache from the tankard; "and why, O! most sapient youngling?"

"Because," answered the YOUNGER, not a bit abashed, "it is full of such capital pros(*e*) and cons!"

But the ELDER dipped his moustache in the tankard again, silently!

Mother Goose's Last.

FROM FORT DONELSON.

FLOYD and eke PILLOW were two pretty men;
They kept up their pluck till midnight; but then,
Forth sneaks FLOYD and looks at the sky:
"Up! up! brother PILLOW! 'tis time to fly!
So you go before, while I just take a look
Ere I leave, if there's anything loose I can hook!"

Severe, but Just.

"What started that horse to run away?" asked the Architect of a bystander.

"I don't know, sir; he took fright up at the St. Germain hotel."

"Took fright at the St. Germain? Sensible horse; I don't wonder!" replied the Architect.

A Question for The Herald.

Is the black male traffic on the coast of Africa or the Black Mail business in New York most deserving of condign punishment? An answer from JAMES GORDON respectfully requested.

Good for determining a Man's Weight.

The Balance at his Banker's.

DINNERS vs. CHARTERS.

Prior to his coming into office, the morning papers inform us, Mr. OPDYKE gave a dinner in his private house in the Fifth Avenue, to the members of the Common Council.—Republicans and Democrats, members of the "Ring" and outsiders for the first time in their lives sat down together like the Lion and the Lamb, in peace and amity, and notwithstanding their natural propensities, owing to the refining influences of the *Lares* of a gentleman's house, the evening was spent without as much as a black eye or bloody nose. This is a good idea, and if carried out will render entirely unnecessary a new charter for the city. It is not charters or laws we want, but clean, well-behaved and capable officials. Although the hope is almost too flattering, yet we have no doubt, that after a few more dinners in decent houses our citizens will be gratified by the pleasing spectacle of Aldermen with clean hands and shirts, meeting each other in the streets like Christians, and not as formerly, like prize fighters. CHESTERFIELD'S letters to his son will then be consulted by Common Councilmen instead of MATSELL'S Dictionary, and, although the wish may to some extent be Father to the thought—respectable Fathers of families, as in the good old times, will not hesitate to associate with well-behaved Fathers of the City.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. NO. 8.

FROM HACKLEY, THE STREET-CLEANER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1862.

VANITY FAIR.

SIR:—I am astonished that you should have represented the streets of this city to be in a bad condition, when you must be aware that I have kept an army of laborers with their implements incessantly employed, at vast loss to myself, ever since I took my truly disastrous contract. My friends are frantic lest I should utterly ruin myself by these expenditures, to which, nevertheless, I must continue to be moved by the conscientious desire of carrying out, to the letter, the terms of my agreement. Some have even gone so far, in their desire to serve me, as to suggest that I might brave public opinion with impunity, and actually neglect my duty with no permanent loss of either reputation or credit. I trust I need not tell you how indignantly I have spurned the ignoble counsel. I am aware that the facetious world will insist that it does not "see it" (for it will have its joke, you know), and must necessarily cry out every time it wets its shoe, or fancies it has done so; but I only desire you will use your eyes, while your ears are shut to the clamor which is grown so general; for you then must certainly see my men and carts, in every street and lane of this great city, removing dirt, garbage, snow, etc., the instant they appear, and before they have had time to accumulate and thus discommode the travelling public.

Can it be possible that the citizens of New York have conspired to ruin me? My character for honesty and integrity must not thus be made the sport of fortune.

Now I ask you, as a man—and I pray you answer me truly—

Did—you—ever—see—the—streets—of—New York—in—better—condition—than—they—are—at—THIS MOMENT?

I await your reply, with the calmness inspired by the consciousness of having done my duty *faithfully* and *well*.

HACKLEY.

P. S.—It is perhaps but just to myself to say that during some of my attacks of rheumatism, which frequently confine me to my house for weeks, my employés may have improved the occasion to lie on their oars. But that is human nature, and I you must forgive them—as I am sure eight out of every ten are quite willing to do. H.

THE BALLAD OF FORT HENRY.

I.

'Twas a chilly winter's day, and Fort Henry's walls was frownin',
With icy esplanades on which the sentry guard did shiver, O,
The sun with cold and misty light the snowy hills was crownin'
When a fleet of Federal gunboats came a-steamin' up the river, O,

II.

At the head, the *Cincinnati*, with brave ANDREW FOOTE aboard her,
And the dear old Flag a-flyin', to proclaim her glorious mission, O.
The *St. Louis* she came next, with the *Carondelet*, in order,
And the *Essex* on the farthest right took up a good position, O,

III.

The others lay below, only waitin' to be wanted,
And every ear was strained to catch the flagboat's note of wonder, O,
So when they got just near enough to see the flag that flaunted
From the fortress on the shore, the heavy guns began to thunder, O.

IV.

Then back and forward through the air the shot and shell went flyin';
Thirty-four the *Cincinnati* took, but nothing seemed to spoil her, O;
The gunboats sang right well, as did the Rebel fort replyin',
And the *Essex* got a nasty shot, directly through her boiler, O.

V.

There were many badly scalded, and some killed by the transaction;
Captain PORTER he was injured, and the shot killed both his pilots O;
So the poor disabled *Essex* drifted sadly out of action,
And found a place of safety down among the river-islets, O.

VI.

But the *Cincinnati* kept it up as lively as a cricket,
As also the *St. Louis*, till the fort began to crumble, O;
And the Rebel troops encamped outside took refuge in the thicket,
And I swear it was a sight to see 'em cut and run and tumble, O.

VII.

Then the Rebel flag slid down....slowly, just as if 't was tender,
And the firing died away, and no more charges home were driven, O;
So when the Yankee sailors saw it was a square surrender,
Peal after peal of cheerin' rose and rent the ringin' heaven, O.

VIII.

It was thus it came to pass that Fort Henry then was taken,
When its cannon with the Federal arms had held such hot communion, O;
O, it takes a Yankee gunboat, when her heavy guns awaken,
To make the Rebels march unto the music of the Union, O!

Catechetical if not Complimentary.

What is the difference between a Snob and a Sepoy?
None whatever; one's a "Gent" and the other's a Gentoo.

Seeking an Asylum.

A correspondent of a daily paper asks "are the rebel leaders mad?" If not mad they are certainly a little flighty.

The Hero of a hundred Flights.

FLOYD.

Polite way of impeaching a gentleman's veracity.

Sir, you tell a telegram.